Weele ſet her a worke in this buſineſſe.
Miſ.Pa. O ſheele ſerue excellent.
Now you come to ſee my daughter *An* I am ſure.
Quic. I forſooth that is my comming.
Miſ.Pa. Come go in with me. Come Miſ. *Ford.*
Miſ.For. I follow you Miſtreſſe *Page.*
Exit Miſtreſſe Ford, *Miſ.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what theſe fellowes
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that ſir? (ſaid?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather ſpeakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath ſpoke merrily, as the faſhion of fat men
Are: But ſhould he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her looſe to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and ſhrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not miſtruſt my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Hoſt and Shallow.
Pa. Here comes my ramping hoſt of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purſe,
That he lookes ſo merily. Now mine Hoſt?
Hoſt. God bleſſe you my bully rookes, God bleſſe (you.
Cauelera Iuſtice I ſay.
Shal. At hand mine hoſt, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.
I tell

I tell you ſir we haue ſport in hand.
Hoſt. Tell him cauelira Iuſtice: tell him bully
Ford. Mine Hoſt a the garter: (rooke.
Hoſt. What ſes my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you ſir.
Ford *and the Hoſt talkes.*
Shal. Harke you ſir, Ile tell you what the ſport
Doctor *Cayus* and ſir *Hu* are to fight, (ſhall be,
My merrie Hoſt hath had the meaſuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
Hoſt: Haſt thou no ſhute againſt my knight,
My gueſt, my cauellira:
For. None I proteſt: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Ieſt.
Hoſt: My hand bully: Thou ſhalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name ſhall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Ieſter, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iuſtices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The ſonnes of women M. *Page*:
Pa: True maiſter *Shallow*:
Shal: It will be found ſo maiſter *Page:*
Pa. Maiſter *Shallow* you your ſelfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal: M. *Page* I haue ſeene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their ſtroke & their paſſado,
I haue made them trudge Maiſter *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I